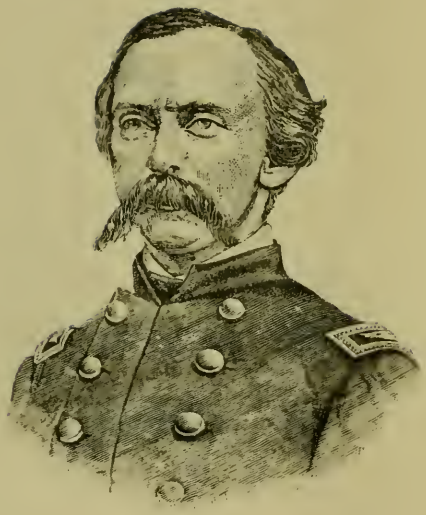

Col. John S. Slocum.

MEMORIAL

—OF—

Colonel John Stanton Slocum,

First Colonel of the

Second Rhode Island Volunteers,

who fell in

The Battle of Bull Run, Va.,

July 21, 1861.

Prepared and Published by Slocum Post, No. 10,
Department of Rhode Island,
G. A. R.

Providence: J. A. & R. A. Reid, Printers.
1886.

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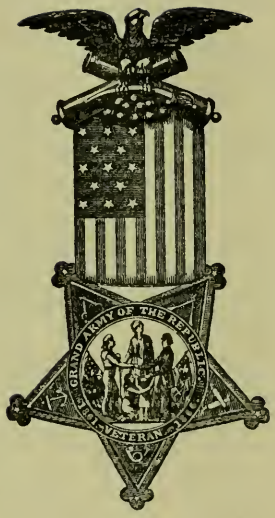

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Gallant Slocum survives in our hearts' recollection,
And his deeds we transmit to the ages to come,
To be treasured and sung with undying affection,
While Freedom and freemen shall boast of a home.

To Liberty's soldiers, who battle and perish,
We tenderly render the guerdon of praise;
Their names and their graves we will sacredly cherish,
And o'er them the fairest of monuments raise.

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Memorial

—OF—

Colonel John S. Slocum.

I.

Introduction.

"A gracious memory to buoy up and save
From Lethe's dreamless ooze, the common grave
Of the unventurous throng."

Purpose of the Work.

The aim of this work is to discharge a duty of brotherly love and patriotism. Agreeable to urgent requests from officers of the state and from numerous private citizens, this memorial of patriotic devotion and sacrifice has been prepared by Slocum Post, No. 10, Department of Rhode Island, G. A. R. It recites what has been done by the Post in honor of him whose noble name it is proud to bear, and whose life

reflected lustre upon Rhode Island and upon our nation.

The immediate object of the memorial is to supplement the commemorative and educational purpose of the granite monument lately erected to the honor of Colonel SLOCUM by the Post, in Swan Point Cemetery, Providence; and thus to add the voice and spirit of letters and of song to that of art, in emphasizing and perpetuating the life and deeds of a gallant Christian patriot.

The memorial has been prepared under an order of the Post, by the committee charged with the duty of securing and erecting the monument, that committee consisting of Comrades Henry R. Barker, *Chairman;* C. Henry Alexander, Alonzo Williams, Frederic Denison, Peleg Macomber, Theodore A. Barton, *Secretary*. The literary labor involved in the work was assigned to Comrades Denison and Williams.

EXPLANATIONS.

It will be noticed that the form of the memorial has been determined by the order of procedure in the Post in securing and dedicating the monument. Such an order seemed most natural and properly historical. This will also explain why the memorial is not a

minute and full biography, but simply a tribute designed to aid in giving Colonel SLOCUM his just historical niche in the gallery of noble martyrs "who jeoparded their lives unto the death in the high places of the field" that our republic might live.

A full and particular record of Colonel SLOCUM's life, including his full civil and military services, which will yet be the grateful work of the thorough historian of Rhode Island, will amply justify every lineament of character here briefly sketched. As Rhode Island did not fail to appreciate and admire Colonel SLOCUM's abilities, character, and self-sacrificing patriotism, she will tenderly cherish whatever memorials of him may be secured. The outline biographical sketch of him, found in its proper place in this volume, is from the pen of his intimate and generous friend, Maj.-Gen. Olney Arnold, of Pawtucket.

The cut presented in this work, intended to suggest the general form and character of the monument, may indicate that the work of art is an original design of the sarcophagus type of sepulchral architecture, always appropriate to individuals of distinction, and not liable to injuries from time. The cut also indicates how the monument is enriched by appropriate sym-

bols. It is allowed by all that what may, by some, be regarded as wanting in magnitude, is more than supplied in quality, fitness, and rich suggestion. Years will only enhance the dignity of the work.

It remains to say that this volume, as well as the monument, is a work of benevolence and love that soldiers are prompted to pay to the memory of a gallant martyr-comrade.

II.

Erection of the Monument.

"To front a lie in arms, and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man."

(*a*) Action of the Post.

Patriot soldiers can never forget their comrades. Theirs is a peculiar fellowship, unspeakably strong, tender, and sacred. More than golden is the bond that unites men who have battled on bloody fields for the rights of our nation and the brotherhood of mankind. Dear to them as life are those who fell by their side in the great conflict. Never was there a nobler cause submitted to the arbitrament of arms than that of our nation in her late struggle, and never was there a worthier army than that which upheld our starry flag, and through the flames of battle wrought the regeneration of our republic.

By a natural impulse of heart, the veterans of the Union Army, in organizing their Posts for social and charitable purposes, under the watchwords, "Frater-

nity, Charity, and Loyalty," have usually selected, for their specific designations, the names of their fallen comrades. This is alike honorable and just — honorable to the living and just to the dead. Thus was it in the formation of the Post whose doings are mentioned in part in this memorial. The comrades counted it an obligation and an honor to call themselves Slocum Post in remembrance of one of Rhode Island's first and most heroic martyrs.

From the origin of the Post, Feb. 27, 1868, it was contemplated to do something in memory of Col. JOHN S. SLOCUM, whose body, recovered from the battle-field in March, 1862, had rested in Swan Point Cemetery, Providence, without a monument. For a time the necessary expenses of the Post, and the monetary revulsion in the country, prevented direct action. Moreover, it was hoped that the state, or the city, or, at least, some private citizens who were not in the army, would take the initiative in duly honoring the hero's grave. Finally it was concluded that the people were waiting to be led in this matter by the veterans whose taste was to be considered. Those who had fought the battles were to hold the front in the labor and expense of the desired tribute.

The bloom of hearts is gratitude. This grace of

character and promise of true action is nowhere found in greater beauty and strength than in the Grand Army of the Republic. The hall of Slocum Post has long been adorned with a large and faithfully executed oil painting of Colonel SLOCUM. There too, in a suitably protected case, are the sword, sash and belt he used in his last battle. All reminders of him are sacredly cherished. But it was deeply felt that some visible and enduring memorial of the chivalrous officer should be set up in the view of all the people, to be a perpetual inspiration to those for whom he laid down his life.

The authoritative action of the Post from the first may be summarized into the following brief record:

Sept. 13, 1871.— Voted, on motion of Comrade Joseph J. Comstock, that a committee of six be appointed by the Post Commander, H. R. Barker, to be named at the next meeting, to consider the necessary steps to secure a monument.

Sept. 20, 1871.— The committee appointed by the commander consisted of Comrades C. H. Williams, F. G. Allen, J. L. Sherman, J. J. Comstock, Wm. E. Clarke.

From personal subscriptions and the avails of a fair, funds were raised sufficient for putting in a foundation

for the monument, which it was concluded should be of the sarcophagus form. A suitable and solid foundation was duly laid. In 1880 a new committee was appointed consisting of Comrades H. R. Barker, F. G. Allen, and C. H. Alexander, with power to act for the Post.

Nov. 4, 1885.— Upon the suggestion of the Commander, T. A. Barton, that the time had come to carry forward to completion the movement for a monument, and after an address by Comrade F. Denison, the existing committee was increased by adding to it F. Denison, Alonzo Williams, Peleg Macomber, and Commander Barton.

(*b*) "The Grand Fair and Bivouac."

As the public generally felt a very natural and deep interest in the efforts of the Post to secure a monument to Colonel Slocum, and only waited for an opportunity to express the prevalence and measure of the desire to honor him who had died for us all, the Post concluded to hold a large and tasteful fair, where all the people might be gratified in seeing and hearing what would be worth to them more than the money they might pay, and yet the avails be such as to further the monument movement. No sooner was this

purpose announced than some of the leading citizens of the state indicated their interest by forwarding to the Post their checks for handsome amounts.

Arrangements were made that secured Infantry Hall, the most suitable and eligible place in the city. With its many and convenient side rooms, this hall afforded the most available spaces for the large and splendid entertainment.

A scheme for the entertainment was adopted that embraced a number of days and a variety of scenes, that all the people might have access to the hall, and an opportunity to study the war relics, works of art, and curiosities put on exhibition. No expense was spared in the selection and arrangement of the articles to be studied, and in fitting the tents, booths, and stands. Flags, portraits, and mottoes tastefully arranged, decorated the walls. Altogether, it was undoubtedly the most elaborate and beautiful display ever made in the city. The exhibition opened Easter Monday, April 26, 1886, and continued through the week, excepting Friday.

A minute account of the Grand Fair and Bivouac would fill quite a volume. The opening night was designated as "Camp Wetmore," and was honored by the presence of His Excellency, Governor George

P. Wetmore and full staff; the United Train of Artillery, Col. C. H. Van Slyck; the Department Commander and staff, and local Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, many distinguished guests, and an audience filling the hall, adjoining rooms, and corridors to overflowing.

Comrade Theodore A. Barton, chairman of the committee, called the assembly to order, and in a few appropriate remarks introduced Comrade Alonzo Williams, Professor in Brown University, who, in an eloquent speech, welcomed in behalf of the Post, His Excellency the Governor and other guests.

His Excellency the Governor responded in an able and patriotic address, and declared the Grand Fair and Bivouac opened.

The second night was designated as "Camp Doyle." His Honor, Mayor Thomas A. Doyle, was detained at home by illness, but he was represented by leading city officials. There were also present the Slocum Light Guard, Brig.-Gen. E. H. Rhodes and staff, many prominent military men and citizens, and an immense audience.

The third night was known as "Camp Sayles," and was honored by the presence of His Honor, Mayor F. C. Sayles, of Pawtucket, the Tower Light In-

fantry, Tower Post, No. 17, G. A. R., many distinguished citizens, and an attendance equal to that of either of the preceding nights.

The fourth night was designated as "Camp Burdett," in honor of the Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R. There were present the First Light Infantry Regiment, Col. W. H. Thornton, Department Commander Theodore A. Barton and full staff, William A. Streeter Post, No. 145, G. A. R., of Attleboro, Mass., and an audience unequaled by that of either of the other nights.

The four nights closed the programme as originally arranged, but an extra entertainment was given Saturday night, which was very attractive and largely attended.

A great multitude, from near and far, patronized the Grand Fair and Bivouac, and made it a decided success, both socially and financially. The zeal with which the ladies aided in the entire enterprise deserves most honorable mention. The inception, arrangement, and general conduct of the Fair and Bivouac were due to the wisdom and tact of Comrade T. A. Barton.

In connection with the Fair there was issued a little book, of miniature size, called *The Hard Tack*, as

it was put up in a cover very exactly representing the army biscuit issued to the First Rhode Island Volunteer Militia, and contained a likeness of Colonel Slocum, a tribute to him from the pen of Comrade Alonzo Williams, and a biographical sketch of Colonel Slocum, written by Maj.-Gen. Olney Arnold. The contents of *The Hard Tack* were so much prized that they are here repeated.

[(*c*) *Tribute.*]

A

HERO

Sans Peur et Sans Reproche.

IN MEMORIAM.

Again we salute thee with uncovered head. Five and twenty summers have come and gone since we beheld thee in thy manly beauty. Struck down, alas! in all the strength of manhood and wealth of promise, we lament thee not, for thus to fall is most triumphantly to conquer. Thou art not dead. Thy nobler part no endless night confines. Virtue treads paths that do not end in death. Thy body rests upon its battered shield, thy soul triumphant rises above the

smoke of battle and mist of years, to inspire and cheer us still, a part of our life's imperishable good. We come not to praise; it were too late; the herald of thy brave deed outstrips our words. Such heroism and virtue are not exalted by columns of marble and bronze, blazoned and crowned with trophies and art. We lift to the blue sky above thee a memorial that we may give expression to our heart's desires, that we may bequeath to our children the lesson of thy sacrifice, and that we may thus link ourselves to thy immortality. Over no martyr's grave hover memories more sacred. Around no hero's tomb hang more transcendent glories. Rest in peace, brave heart, thy task is finished, thy fame secure.

ALONZO WILLIAMS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

"*For what he was and all he dared, remember him to-day.*"

By Maj.-Gen. Olney Arnold.

COL. JOHN S. SLOCUM was born in the town of Richmond, State of Rhode Island, on the 1st of No-

vember, 1824. His father, Samuel Slocum, the inventor of the solid-headed pin, soon after removed to Bristol, R. I., and it was at the public schools of that town, and at the Fruit Hill Classical School in North Providence, and also for some time in Trinity College, Conn., that young SLOCUM received his education. He early manifested an inclination for military studies; soon learned to handle the musket, and, at the age of seventeen, became a member of the National Cadets, of Providence. On the breaking out of the Mexican War, this citizen soldier, who had then reached the age of twenty-two, hastened to Washington and applied to the President for a commission in the army. This he finally obtained without the assistance or influence of friends. His first commission, that of lieutenant of infantry, was dated Feb. 18, 1847. He was attached to the Ninth Regiment, and bore a prominent part in the battles of Contreras, Churubusco, and Chapultepec. For gallant conduct at the battle of Contreras, Aug. 19, 1847, he received the brevet rank of Captain. At Chapultepec he commanded one of the storming companies. His bravery and coolness on that terrible day won for him a full Captain's commission. On the disbandment of his regiment, the young Captain returned to his native

state. The military reputation that he had attained caused him to be highly regarded by the active militia companies of the state, and he was of great service to many of these organizations. At a later period he was chosen Commander of the Mechanics Rifles, afterwards known as the Slocum Light Guard, and that company at once took high rank in the state militia. His proficiency in military tactics led to his appointment as one of the examining board at West Point, in 1860. When the proclamation of President Lincoln, calling for seventy-five thousand men for the defense of the capital of the nation, reached Providence, on the fifteenth day of April, 1861, Governor Sprague sent for SLOCUM and offered him the commission of Major in the First Regiment, Rhode Island Detached Militia. This offer was promptly accepted. In the organization of this regiment, and during the time he remained with it, his assistance to Colonel Burnside was invaluable. The regiment left Providence on the 20th of April and proceeded to Washington, where it remained until ordered to the front in July. When the raising of the Second Rhode Island Regiment was in progress, great anxiety was felt by the citizens as to who should be its commander. The selection of Major SLOCUM by the governor

relieved this anxiety and met the approval of both volunteers and people. The Second Regiment, under the command of Colonel SLOCUM, left Providence on the nineteenth day of June, 1861, and on its arrival in Washington encamped near Camp Sprague, where the First Regiment was stationed. From this time until its first engagement at Sudley Ford, Colonel SLOCUM was actively engaged in preparing his regiment for service in the field; and when the conflict came on, his men fought with the courage and coolness of veterans. On that eventful Sunday morning, destined to be the last on earth to Colonel SLOCUM, he led his regiment and was the first to arrive at Sudley Ford, on the extreme left of the rebel line. His regiment at once engaged the enemy. The steady charges of this gallant corps, led by its experienced and brave commander, forced the Confederate troops to retire in disorder. But in the hour of apparent victory, this hero of two wars fell mortally wounded and was left on the field. He lived nearly two days after he was stricken down, but never spoke again or manifested any signs of consciousness.

"He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle;
No sound can awake him to glory again."

The names of "Contreras, Churubusco, Chapulte-

pec, and Bull Run," will be carved in enduring granite upon his monument, as his manly virtues are engraved on the hearts of his friends. He was a loving husband, a filial son, and true friend. Among the brave, he was the bravest, and was every inch a soldier. With a full realization of the danger, he would have crossed the bridge at Lodi with Napoleon, or charged with the immortal six hundred into the jaws of death.

Colonel Burnside in his official report says: "The death of Colonel SLOCUM is a loss, not only to his own state, which mourns the death of a most gallant and meritorious officer, who would have done credit to the service, while his prominent abilities as a soldier would have raised him high in the public estimation." Chaplain Woodbury, in his history of the Second Rhode Island Regiment, says: "Much of the future distinction of the regiment was undoubtedly due to the soldierly character of its first Colonel. He held the command but little more than six weeks, but it was long enough to fix its direction and determine its course. Colonel SLOCUM had a high idea of a soldier's life. When he took command of the Second, he resolved to make it, if possible, first, certainly second to none, in the service. He would talk with pride of the men he commanded, and with hope of the results he ex-

pected to work out with them. The regiment never lost the force of this impulsion. The successors of SLOCUM in command fully appreciated his purpose, were moved by the same spirit, and never ceased to feel the influence which he had exerted at the start. What he did, and what he intended to do, were always kept in mind, and when his name became glorified and consecrated by his fearless death, his ambitious hopes for his regiment were reinforced; for his successors seemed to feel that upon them devolved the duty of bringing those hopes to fruition, and of redeeming the pledges which had been virtually given to the country by the first commander." The compiler of this brief sketch of the life of a brave soldier, knew him intimately for some years previous to the Civil War, and admired his manly qualities and unswerving loyalty, always regarding his death as a great loss to his country, firmly believing that had he lived he would have attained the highest military rank and received the plaudits of his grateful countrymen. It was also the privilege of the compiler, as a member of the Governor's staff, to take charge and direction of a detachment of troops for the recovery of the bodies of the officers of the Rhode Island regiments who were left on the field in that memorable fight. We succeeded in

finding the bodies of SLOCUM, Ballou, and Tower, in honor of whom three important Posts of the Grand Army have been named. Their ashes shall mingle with the soil of the state they loved so well. Their souls have entered Paradise.

Colonel SLOCUM was married in February, 1858, to Abby, daughter of the late Gen. Charles T. James, formerly a Senator from Rhode Island, and the inventor of the cannon ball that bears his name. Colonel SLOCUM also left two children, a girl and a boy, who survived him but a few years. His widow, who has been faithful to his memory for a quarter of a century, lives in this city, and is every way deserving of the respect and gratitude of the friends of her husband.

"The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder;
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The shafts of death around him rattle,
Has shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle."

(*d*) THE ADVANCE GUARD.

The Post also, during the fair, published a large newspaper, entitled *The Advance Guard*, edited by Comrade Alonzo Williams and Chaplain Frederic

Denison. It was devoted chiefly to articles on army service, references to Colonel SLOCUM, and advertisements. Among the original articles was the following:

[*A Poem.*]

COL. JOHN S. SLOCUM'S GRAVE.

By the Rev. Frederic Denison, A. M., Chaplain of the Department of Rhode Island, G. A. R.

Himself he gave at Freedom's call,
When life alone could save our land;
To face the battle-storm, and fall
The foremost of his brave command.

And shall his grave unmarked remain?
Shall no memorial speak his name,
Whose heart's blood wet Manassas Plain,
And pleads with an undying claim?

Upon his low, unlettered mound
The grateful ivy lifts its head,
Its rootlets nourished from the wound
That for a nation's healing bled.

Must they who battled by his side,
And suffering bore in Freedom's strife,
Alone his monument provide,
And tell the story of his life?

Shall they for whom he poured his blood,
Be known by rich sepulchral stones,
While not a thought of brotherhood
Is lent to guard the martyr's bones?

Nay, all will join to rear his urn
Of art and beauty tasteful wed;
That Freedom's future heirs may learn
The honor done the patriot dead.

Of fame, our state may own some part,
Because she noble children bears;
And this the index of her heart,
What weeds for martyred sons she wears.

As o'er her lost a mother weeps
And gathers garlands for their graves,
So tenderly Rhode Island keeps
The memory of her fallen braves.

What gives a country crowning claims,
And speaks its highest eulogy?
It is its roll of hero names
Graved on its shrine of liberty.

Outranking knights and kings are those,
Who, when leagued legions lift the brand,
Go freely forth to interpose
Their breasts to shield their native land.

The avails of the Fair enabled the Post to proceed in its purpose of securing the desired work of art. At once the monument committee invited artists, and especially adepts in mortuary architecture, to present designs. After a variety of plans had been submitted, the committee were unanimous in their choice of the design which was at last executed. Granite was agreed upon as the material throughout. As Rhode Island granite, found in Westerly, is regarded both as the finest and best in color for monumental purposes, admitting of being carved into the most delicate and expressive forms, some of which characterized the accepted design, the contract for executing the monument was given to the well-known Westerly firm — The Smith Granite Company.

III.

Dedication of the Monument.

(*a*) Invitations.

The monument having been executed by the contractors, and, after inspection by the committee pronounced acceptable, arrangements were made for its dedication. The monument committee drew a programme of exercises which was accepted by the Post, and then issued cards of invitation for other Posts, state and city officials, and particular friends. We copy one of the cards:

"Ceremonies of dedication of the monument erected to memory of Col. John S. Slocum, by Slocum Post, No. 10, G. A. R., in Swan Point Cemetery, Providence, R. I., on Monday, Nov. 29, 1886.

The services at the monument will take place at half past three in the afternoon. The memorial address and poem will be given in Infantry Hall, commencing at eight in the evening.

The honor of your presence is requested.

HENRY R. BARKER,

Chairman.

Monument Committee.— Henry R. Barker, C. Henry Alexander, Alonzo Williams, Frederic Denison, Peleg Macomber, Theodore A. Barton.

Please be present at the Narragansett Hotel at half past one in the afternoon."

The following were the additional committees necessary for the services of Dedication Day.

(*b*) Committees.

Reception of the Governor and Staff.

Charles H. Williams, Isaac M. Potter, George A. Wooley,
Albert O. Robbins, George M. Turner,
William E. Clarke, James S. Hudson, A. A. Wightman,
Edward F. O'Connor, Henry C. Luther,
Israel M. Hopkins, W. R. Perry, William T. Luther,
Eben W. Waterhouse.

Reception of the Department Commander and Staff.

B. B. Hammond, Henry S. Olney, Elias M. Jenckes,
S. W. Bartlett, B. B. Manchester,
John E. Burroughs, George H. Paddock, George Edw. Allen.

Reception of Military and other Guests.

William H. Thornton, James L. Sherman,
T. King Cooke, John W. Gale, John A. Vaughn,
John P. Walker, James Cameron.

RECEPTION OF GUESTS AT INFANTRY HALL.

Charles A. Hopkins, Asa Lyman, A. M. Eaton,
Stephen A. Barker, A. M. Hussey, J. H. Prior, N. Van Slyck,
William Barker, Robert W. Small, William Gardiner,
Charles H. Baker, Dexter L. Pearce. Wm. Rhodes Arnold,
John F. Slocum, George P. Whitney,
Charles H. Merriman, William H. Palmer, J. Harry Welch.
E. C. Leavitt, Edwin A. Smith, M. J. Perry.

(*c*) DEDICATION DAY.

When Dedication Day arrived Acting Mayor Robbins, of Providence, ordered the city flags to be floated in honor of the patriot ceremonies. The day proved to be peculiarly favorable.

On the morning of Dedication Day, the following editorial appeared in the Providence *Journal*, from the pen of Brig-Gen. Horatio Rogers:

SLOCUM MEMORIAL.

Twenty-five years ago, Col. JOHN S. SLOCUM, of our Second Regiment, fell at the battle of Bull Run. He was one of Rhode Island's earliest offerings to the Union cause in the late Rebellion. From no man in the state was more anticipated than from him, and had he lived it is believed that his services would have been so conspicuous as to have won for him sure and

rapid promotion. Hitherto his grave has remained unmarked, save by a foundation on which a monument has but just been erected. Happily after the lapse of a quarter of a century, this serious omission has been supplied by the Grand Army Post that bears his name, and to-day a suitable memorial of Colonel SLOCUM, which has already been described in these columns, is to be unveiled at Swan Point Cemetery with the impressive services prescribed by the Grand Army Ritual, according to the programme published in another column.

Among Rhode Island's heroic sons who laid down their lives for their country in the terrible struggle between Union and Secession, no one is more deserving a place in her history than SLOCUM; and, as the flight of time is gradually removing those who were familiar with him on earth, it becomes more and more important that some adequate portrayal of his life and character should be put upon record, that the generations to come may know him as he was. The memorial dedication to-day will include an address to be delivered in Infantry Hall this evening by Professor Alonzo Williams, of Brown University, himself a veteran of the late war; and it will, indeed, be a happy consummation of the loving service of Slocum Post

in commemoration of the patriotic devotion of him whose name they bear, not only to have permanently and suitably marked his grave, but also to have inscribed securely on the page of history a proper record that will insure for him a merited and enduring fame.

(*d*) The Procession.

In accordance with the invitations, notices, and orders issued, promptly at 2 o'clock, P. M., Nov. 29, 1886, the large and beautiful procession of members of the Grand Army of the Republic, veterans, state militia, state and city officers, and invited guests, formed on South Water Street, its right resting on College Street, in the following order:

Platoon of Police in command of Sergeant Murray.

Chief Marshal C. Henry Alexander, Commander of Slocum Post.

Aides.— E. F. O'Connor, George M. Turner, E. W. Waterhouse, Munson H. Najac.

American Band, D. W. Reeves, leader, 25 pieces.

The Slocum Light Guard, Capt. George A. Forsyth, 2 officers and 40 muskets, as escort.

Slocum Post, No. 10, G. A. R., Senior Vice-Commander George Edward Allen in command.

Continental Band, J. F. Parks, leader.

The Department Officers.— Department Commander Theodore A. Barton, Senior Vice-Department Commander Benjamin L. Hall, Junior Vice-Department Commander Gideon Spencer, and members of the Department Staff. Past Department Commanders C. H. Brayton, E. H. Rhodes, C. H. Williams, C. C. Gray, H. R. Barker, H. F. Jencks, A. K. McMahon, and E. A. Cory, and other G. A. R. officers.

The Second Rhode Island and Battery A, Veteran Association, President, J. B. Curtis.

Military Guests.

Col. C. H. Van Slyck, and officers of the United Train of Artillery.

Col. W. H. Thornton, and officers of the First Light Infantry Regiment.

Maj. Alexander Strauss, and officers of the First Battalion of Cavalry.

Maj. B. McSoley, and officers of the Second Battalion of Infantry.

Maj. George T. Smith, and officers of the Fourth Battalion of Infantry. Col. J. P. H. Wilbur and other officers.

Carriages containing His Excellency Governor Wetmore, His Honor Mayor Robbins, Quartermaster General Dennis, Past Department Commander Henry

R. Barker, Chairman Committee of Arrangements; Colonels Sheffield and Harris, of the Governor's staff; Comrade Professor Alonzo Williams, Orator; Rev. Frederic Denison, Poet; Surgeon-General Budlong, and Assistant Surgeon-General Kenyon.

Disabled comrades in carriages.

The route lay through Westminster, Mathewson, Broad, Market Square, North Main, and Benefit streets, where carriages were taken for the cemetery. The column presented an imposing appearance, with the long line of veterans with their distinctive badges, followed by the citizen soldiery in their brilliant uniforms and the carriages containing distinguished civic and military guests. The sidewalks were well filled with citizens, and the march through the streets was watched with deep interest. Marching in the ranks were a brother and nephew of the late Colonel Slocum — Samuel D. Slocum and William S. Slocum. There was also a delegation from the First Rhode Island Veteran Association, under President Charles H. Merriman.

In the procession Slocum Post numbered three hundred and twenty men in line and about forty on special detail duty for the day. This is now the largest Post in the state and counts above four hundred members.

(*e*) At the Cemetery.

On arriving at Swan Point Cemetery, the large procession formed outside the grounds, and with tolling bell, the notes of dirge, and muffled drum, wound its solemn way through the avenues, beneath the trees, to the beautiful spot, near the southeastern portion of the grounds, on the eastern slope of the high ground overlooking the Seekonk River, to the martyr's grave. Those who viewed that large procession, highly representative in character, and considered all its symbols of flags and badges, and above all, its deep spirit, will never forget its impressiveness and suggestive beauty. The lot holding the grave is thirty-six feet square. The remains lie in one of the vaults under the foundation of the monument. Slocum Post, by consent of the family, has secured, through the generosity of the Corporation of Swan Point Cemetery, the perpetual care of this lot and of the monument. The Cemetery Company has manifested the most laudable and patriotic spirit.

(*f*) The Monument.

The monument is a granite sarcophagus of an antique type, resting on two bases, the lowest of which measures eight feet four inches by four feet six inches

at the foundation, the total height being about five feet. The outline is simple and severe, but very effective in its contrast with the rich group of military equipments which are carved on the top. The top, or roof, instead of being finished with the usual projecting mouldings, is treated in the semblance of a cover by a deep square groove, which separates it from the die. It is almost concealed by a large carved United States flag, which is draped gracefully in front. On this is carved in full relief, and very correctly copied, the cap, sword, belt, sash, and gauntlets, as worn by Colonel SLOCUM in the service. The front of the monument is one plain hammered surface, with the words

COL. JOHN S. SLOCUM

in bold, raised letters on the die, flanked by beautifully carved shoulder straps of his rank in panel. The head of the die has this ascription in sunken letters:

"His life's expense
Hath won for him coeval youth
With the immaculate prime of truth."

At the opposite end or foot of the monument, the following legend is inscribed:

ERECTED BY
SLOCUM POST, NO. 10,
DEPARTMENT OF RHODE ISLAND,
G. A. R.

On the ends and back of the cap, in antique Roman letters, are Colonel SLOCUM's three famous battles in the Mexican War,

CONTRERAS.
CHURUBUSCO.
CHAPULTEPEC.

The back of the die has these words:

FELL AT BULL RUN, VA., JULY 21, 1861.

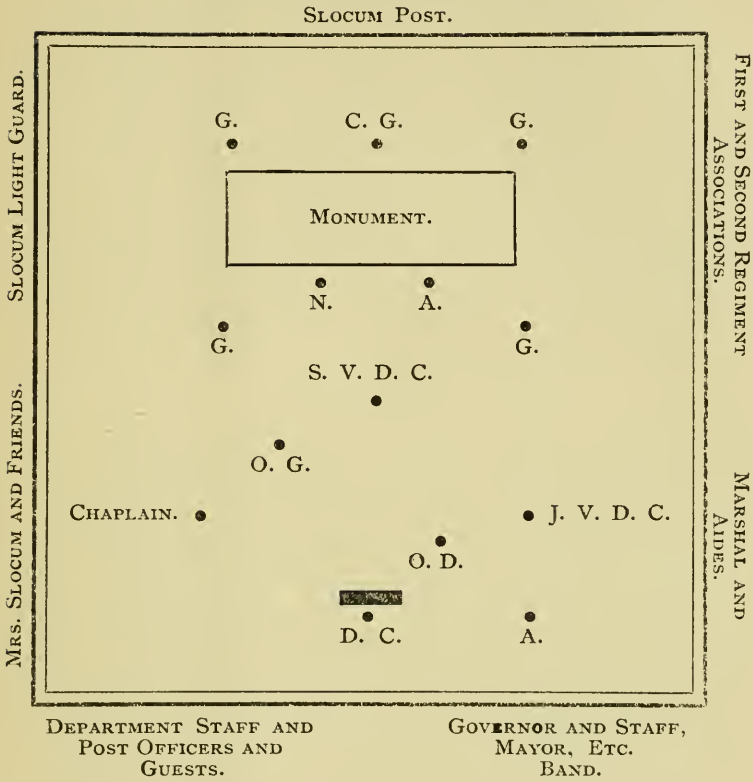
and immediately below on the base,

FIRST COLONEL SECOND RHODE ISLAND VOLUNTEERS.

The work was carefully executed after the design drawn by Mr. Alfred H. Combe, the agent and designer in Providence, of the Smith Granite Company.

(*g*) THE UNVEILING.

On the arrival of the procession at the grave the comrades and guests formed around the lot containing the monument in a hollow square, taking position according to the diagram here presented:



There was present a large concourse of citizens from near and far, who had come in carriages and on foot. On the left of the Department Commander and his staff, in a carriage, were seated the widow of Colonel Slocum and certain relatives. A view of that assemblage was a touching historical picture. Volumes might be read in all the faces.

At a signal from Past Department Commander Henry R. Barker, Chairman of the Monument Committee of Slocum Post, the American Band played a dirge, the American Hymn, while all the comrades bared their heads, and the monument was unveiled of its superb American flag by Past Post Commanders H. R. Barker, C. H. Williams, and H. C. Luther, and Post Commander C. Henry Alexander.

(*h*) The Dedication.

At the close of the dirge, Comrade Barker stepped forward and said:

"Commander of the Department of Rhode Island, Grand Army of the Republic: I have been authorized to invite you at this time to accept from Slocum Post, No. 10, Department of Rhode Island, Grand Army of the Republic, this monument, and to request that it may be dedicated by you to the noble purpose for which it has been erected."

The ceremony of dedication then proceeded under the direction of Department Commander Theodore A. Barton, assisted by Senior Vice-Department Commander, Benjamin L. Hall; Junior Vice-Department Commander Gideon Spencer; Assistant Adjutant-General Peleg Macomber; Department Chaplain

Rev. Frederic Denison; Medical Director William H. Traver; Inspector James A. Abbott, as officer of the day; Chief Mustering Officer Benjamin F. Davis, as officer of the guard; Assistant Mustering Officer Charles H. Baker, representing a sailor, in full naval uniform; Member of the Council of Administration George W. Barry, representing a soldier in full uniform, and by other department officers.

(*i*) The Ritual.

Commander.— In the name of my comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, representing as they do all soldiers and sailors who defended the integrity and authority of the nation, I thank you and those whom you represent for this monument. Its very silence is impressive. Without articulate speech, it is eloquent. It needs no words. It is itself an oration. It assures us that our dead are held in remembrance — those dead who gave their lives for the security of the citizen and the union of the states. It is significant of brave and loyal obedience to the command of the nation always and everywhere, since the obligations of citizenship are not restricted to time, or place, or the conflict of arms. It gives encouragement for the future, since the recognition and approval it gives of

patriotic fidelity and heroism will be an incentive for the display of public valor and virtue in all coming time. There can be no doubt that the honor you pay to the patriot dead, and to their memorable deeds, will serve not only to make American citizenship in these days more reputable, but also to maintain and perpetuate, through all generations, the union and authority of the United States of America.

Adjutant; you will detail a Guard of Honor.

ADJUTANT.—Reads a list of the Guard — Samuel W. Bartlett, Robert L. Salisbury, Nicholas W. Potter, Harry W. Sisson, Elisha H. Disley, comrades of Slocum Post; each man as his name was called answering "Here!" and then said: Commander; the guard is present.

COMMANDER.— Officer of the Day; you will direct the Officer of the Guard to station this detail near the monument.

Four guards, in complete uniform and arms, were stationed at the corners of the monument facing out and the color guard, (E. H. Disley,) with flag furled, was stationed at the back of the monument facing it.

COMMANDER. — Holy Scripture saith: The Lord gave the word: great was the army of those that published it. Psalm lxviii., 11.

Declare ye among the nations, and publish, and set up a standard. Jer. l., 2.

In the name of our God we will set up our banners. Psalm xx., 5.

Officer of the Day; you will order the guard of honor to display our flag.

Officer of the Day. — Officer of the Guard; let the flag be displayed.

It was unfurled, and waved above the monument.

Music. — The American Band played the Star Spangled Banner.

Commander. — The forces of the nation are divided into two great arms, that of the navy and that of the army. Senior Vice-Commander; what words of Holy Scripture may apply to the navy?

Senior Vice-Commander. — They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven. O that men would

praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men. Psalm cvii., 23, 52, 28–32.

COMMANDER.— Officer of the Day; let the Guard of Honor set up the symbol of the Navy, and let a sailor be detailed to guard it.

An anchor (four feet in height and made of ivy leaves) was set up against the monument, crossed with a cutlass. A comrade in full naval uniform stood guard with a drawn cutlass.

COMMANDER. — Junior Vice-Commander; what Scriptures may apply to the army?

JUNIOR VICE-COMMANDER.— To your tents, O, Israel. So all Israel went to their tents, 2 Chron. x., 16. The children of Israel shall pitch their tents, every man by his own camp, and every man by his own standard, throughout their hosts, Num. i., 52. Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth, Psalm lx., 4. The Lord shall utter His voice before His army: for His camp is very great: for He is strong and executeth His word: for the day of the Lord is great and very terrible; and who can abide it? Joel ii., 11. Some trust in chariots, and some in horses:

but we will remember the name of the Lord our God. Psalm xx., 7.

COMMANDER.— Officer of the Day; let the Guard of Honor set up the symbol of the Army, and let a soldier be detailed to guard it.

A musket with fixed bayonet, a canteen and haversack hanging from it, a knapsack leaning against the stock, were set up against the monument opposite to the anchor; and a comrade in full soldier uniform, armed with a musket with fixed bayonet, stood guard.

COMMANDER.— Officer of the Day; if the work of the Navy and Army be well done, what proclamation from Holy Scripture can you make?

OFFICER OF THE DAY.— A proclamation of peace.

Lord, Thou wilt ordain peace for us; for Thou also hath wrought all our works in us. Is. xxvi., 12. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings; that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good; that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth! The Lord hath made bare His holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God. Is. lii., 7–10.

COMMANDER. — The Chaplain will now offer the prayer of dedication. Parade rest.

CHAPLAIN. — Almighty and Ever Blessed God, we thank thee for thy sovereign care and protection. Thou didst lead us in the days that were shadowed with trouble. Thou gavest us strength when the burden was heavy upon us. Thou gavest us courage and guidance in the conflict, and hast brought us to these days of peace. We thank thee that the wrath of war has been stilled; that brother no longer strives against brother; that once again we have one country and one flag.

May thy blessing be upon us as a people; that we may be thy people, true and righteous in all our ways, tender and patient in our charity, though resolute for the right. Help us to be careful for the downtrodden, eager to promote the interests of every citizen throughout the land, so that our country may indeed be one country, from the rivers to the seas, from the mountains to the plains. We pray thee to make our memories steadfast that we may never forget the great sacrifices made for our country. May our dead be enshrined in our hearts. May their graves be the altars of our grateful and reverential patriotism.

And now, O Thou Almighty Father, bless this monument by making it a blessing. Bless it in honor of the gallant and faithful officer whose remains lie

beneath it. Bless it in honor of mothers, who bade their sons do brave deeds; in honor of wives who wept for husbands that came not back from the field; in honor of children whose heritage is their fallen fathers' heroic names; in honor of men and women who ministered to the wounded and dying; in honor, especially, O God, of those men who counted not their lives dear when their country called for them — of those, alike, who sleep beside the dust of their kindred, or under the sea, or in nameless graves, where only thy angels stand sentinel till the *reveille* of the resurrection morning. Protect this monument, and cause it to endure. Unto the latest generation may its influence be for the education of the citizens, for the honor of civil life, for the advancement of the State, for the strengthening of the nation, for the welfare of humanity, and for the furtherance of thy holy kingdom.

Hear us, O, our God, we ask in the name of Him who made proof of the dignity, and consecrated the power of sacrifice in His blessed life and death—even in the name of Jesus Christ, the Great Captain of our Salvation. Amen.

COMRADES.—Amen.

COMMANDER.— Attention, Comrades of the Depart-

ment of Rhode Island, Grand Army of the Rebublic: In the name of the Grand Army of the Republic I now dedicate this monument. I dedicate it to the memory of Colonel JOHN S. SLOCUM, who, in the army, fought for our hillsides, and valleys and plains, and fell in defense of the flag. I dedicate it in memory of those who, on land and on sea, fought for the authority of the Constitution and fell in defense of the flag; who on land and on sea, fought for the country and fell in defense of the flag. Comrades, salute the dead!

As the dedicatory formula was uttered, at the mention of the Army the soldier on guard saluted; at the allusion to the Navy the sailor on guard saluted; and at the first mention of the Flag the guard of honor holding it saluted and stood at salute. In saluting the dead, each armed comrade presented arms, the unarmed placed the left hand, open fingers outstretched, over the left breast, and with the right hand raised the cap four inches above the head.

The American Band played "Pleyel's Hymn." All eyes were dimmed with tears.

COMMANDER.— Attention, Comrades of the Department of Rhode Island, Grand Army of the Republic: As we close these services, the Guard of Honor is

withdrawn; the symbols of the Army and Navy are removed; the Flag is lowered; but the memorial we have dedicated remains guarded by our dead. So long as it shall endure it shall speak to us and to all of the loyalty and heroism of JOHN S. SLOCUM in the Army, and of that significant national authority of which our Flag is the symbol to every true American heart.

Officer of the Day; remove the symbols.

They were removed.

Officer of the Day; lower the Flag.

It was furled.

Officer of the Day; dismiss the guard.

It was dismissed.

Chaplain; pronounce the benediction. Parade rest.

CHAPLAIN. — The grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with us all. Amen.

COMRADES. — Amen!

Attention!

The Slocum Light Guard then advanced, and fired three volleys over the grave, after which taps were suitably and impressively sounded by bugle call and drum beat by Messrs. Church and Hazard, of the American Band.

At the close of taps, Brig.-Gen. Elisha H. Rhodes, commanding brigade of Rhode Island Militia, and formerly Colonel of the Second Rhode Island Volunteers, stepped forward to the monument, holding in his hand a large and elegant laurel wreath, and after asking permission, made the following brief address:

Department Commander Barton: I am directed by the Second Rhode Island Volunteers and Battery A, Veteran Association, as a token of the affection and esteem we cherish for the memory of our first commander, Col. JOHN S. SLOCUM, to reverently place this laurel wreath upon his monument.

Not a few eyes were anew suffused with tears as this act was gracefully and tenderly performed.

All these ceremonies having closed, His Excellency George Peabody Wetmore, Governor of Rhode Island, and staff, Mayor Robbins, and city officials, Gen. Horatio Rogers, and others, approached the monument, and laid upon it beautiful floral tributes — roses and buds of the rarest kind, and choice bouquets. Many comrades added their offerings until the monument from base to top seemed abloom with the precious evidences of personal and patriotic devotion. It was particularly noticed that Mr. J. M. Sawin, the Principal of the Point Street Grammar School, and his pupils,

who, every year, on Memorial Day, assisted Slocum Post in doing honor to Colonel SLOCUM's and other graves, were present, and added in a most tender manner their offerings to the monument.

It was the testimony of all who participated in the dedicatory exercises, or who witnessed them, that they were of an exceedingly appropriate, solemn, and elevating character, and most impressively rendered. No ceremonies of this particular character, in accordance with the ritual of the Grand Army of the Republic had ever before been observed in Providence. They reflected large credit on Slocum Post for its efficient arrangements, on the department officers, who, having memorized the ritual of dedication, rendered it in an accurate and feeling manner, and on the well selected and able committees.

By not a few it was regretted that arrangements had not been made with a photographer, skilled in taking instantaneous views, to take the scene when the dedicating throng was saluting the dead. Certainly that company and that service will live forever in the memories of those who were present. It was a strong testimony to the memory of him who had been dead twenty-five years and to the fitness of the ceremony, that there were no dry eyes in that large as-

sembly. And the chaplain found it difficult to command his rising emotions sufficiently to allow him to proceed uninterruptedly with his prayer.

The procession reformed and returned to the city. The governor and his staff, under the escort of the Reception Committee, Past Department Commander Charles H. Williams, Chairman, and guests from abroad, with the orator and poet for the evening, were entertained at the Narragansett Hotel. The Department Commander and his staff and military guests dined at the Café St. George. The members of Slocum Post, of Slocum Light Guard, and comrades of other Posts, were abundantly provided for in Slocum Post Hall.

(*j*) Services in Infantry Hall.

Memorial Services

at

Infantry Hall,

Commencing at Eight in the Evening.

Order of Services.

Overture,—"American Hymn," . . . . . American Band.

Invocation,— . . .

Comrade E. Benj. Andrews. Professor in Brown University.

"Pilgrim's Song of Hope,"— . . . . . American Band.

Oration,— . . .

Comrade Alonzo Williams, Professor in Brown University.

"Day in Camp,"— . . . . . American Band.

MEMORIAL ODE,— . . Comrade Frederic Denison, Chaplain of the Department of Rhode Island G. A. R.

"AMERICA,"— . . . . . American Band and Audience.

BENEDICTION,— . . Rev. Ezekiel G. Robinson, D. D., LL. D., President of Brown University.

The hall was filled by a large audience, two-thirds of whom were members of the Grand Army of the Republic. The decorations of the hall were few, but they were in excellent taste. They were arranged by Comrade J. Harry Welch and Mr. Charles Wright, the latter providing flowers and plants at his own expense. In the centre of the stage and against the wall was a high frame, over which was draped a number of bright new American flags. At the top, and framed in the United States colors, was a large oil painting of the late Col. JOHN S. SLOCUM. Across the top of the frame and down its sides hung sprays of the graceful and bright green smilax, while on either side were pots of shrubs and exotics. The reading-desk was beautifully decorated with cut flowers, consisting of a large plaque, in the centre of which was the name "SLOCUM" in immortelles. Below it was a wreath of white flowers with a band of purple on its lower section, across which was the word "Rest." On either side were pots of palms,

and at the extremes of the stage were two tall palms flanked with shrubs and plants with variegated leaves.

Past Department Commander Henry R. Barker, Chairman of the Slocum Monument Committee, presided, and on the stage beside him were, in addition to those whose names are mentioned in the Order of Services, Comrade Theodore A. Barton, Commander of the Department of Rhode Island, G. A. R., and his staff; His Excellency, George Peabody Wetmore, Governor of Rhode Island, and his staff; His Honor, Gilbert F. Robbins, Mayor of Providence; Brig.-Gen. Elisha H. Rhodes, commanding Brigade of Rhode Island Militia, and his staff; the Hon. Lucius B. Darling, Lieutenant-Governor of Rhode Island; Brig.-Gen. Horatio Rogers, late Colonel of the Second Regiment of Rhode Island Volunteers; Brig.-Genls. Charles R. Brayton and William Ames, late Colonels of the Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery; Brig.-Genls. Nelson Viall, Nathan Goff, and Thomas J. Morgan; ex-Gov. A. H. Littlefield; the Hon. Olney Arnold; Past Department Commanders Charles H. Williams, Charles C. Gray, Philip S. Chase, and Eugene A. Cory; Post Commander C. Henry Alexander, and a large number of other distinguished guests, including Mr. Samuel Slocum, a brother of Colonel Slocum.

In an adjoining reception room sat Mrs. Col. John S. Slocum and her mother, Mrs. Gen. Charles T. James, her sister, Mrs. Amos M. Bowen, Mrs. Major Sullivan Ballou, and other relatives and friends.

On the floor of the hall were seated Slocum Post, No. 10, C. Henry Alexander, Commander; Prescott Post, No. 1, James H. Fairbrother, Commander; Arnold Post, No. 4, John T. Drinan, Commander; Rodman Post, No. 12, D. F. Longstreet, Commander; Ives Post, No. 13, John H. Frances, Commander, and delegations from Tower Post, No. 17, of Pawtucket, Ballou Post, No. 3, of Central Falls, and A. H. Streeter Post, No. 145, of Attleboro; the Veteran Association of the First Rhode Island Detached Militia; the Second Rhode Island Regiment Veteran Association; the Slocum Light Guard; the United Train of Artillery; the First Light Infantry Regiment; the Fourth Battalion of Infantry, Rhode Island Militia; Battery A, Light Artillery, Rhode Island Militia; Co. B, First Battalion of Cavalry, Rhode Island Militia; the field and staff officers of the Fifth Battalion of Infantry, Rhode Island Militia, and representatives from other veteran and militia bodies.

The galleries, with the exception of a portion of the rear one, occupied by the American Band, were filled

with ladies and the families of the comrades and gentlemen present.

The large, brilliantly lighted, and tastefully decorated hall, the many distinguished guests, the large attendance of veteran volunteers and youthful militia, the presence of so many ladies and others interested, made a scene at once grand and impressive.

EXERCISES.

OVERTURE — "*American Hymn*," . . . American Band.
D. W. REEVES, . . Leader.

INVOCATION.

COMRADE E. BENJ. ANDREWS.

Almighty and Eternal God, Thou art the God of battles; Thou art the God of peace; and as we have found Thee a very present help in every time of need upon the tented field and in the hour of dreadful conflict, even so we are bold to make our prayer unto Thee now, amid these scenes of quiet. Oh, bless us, assembled here to-night! We give Thee earnest

thanks for the high privilege of citizenship in this goodly land, with its religious, civil, and educational institutions, and with all its other appliances for developing what is noblest and best in man. We magnify Thy name for the gracious favor which Thou hast had unto this Nation from its earliest days; that, as in ancient centuries Thou didst call Israel Thy son and didst lead him out of Egypt, so Thou didst by singular providences to our fathers adopt us as, in a manner, Thy chosen people, and hast led us all the way that we have come. Praised be our God forever, that when evil counsellors conspired and the arm of rebellion was lifted high against this Republic, Thou didst raise up brave men whose hands Thou hadst taught to war and whose fingers to fight, and didst inspire them to lead forth loyal legions to battle for the life of this Nation, and to prevail.

We have come together to-night to contemplate the character and deeds of one of those valiant spirits. Assist Thou those who are now about to speak to us of him. Remember, we beseech Thee, the organization in whose name we are met; its officers, its rank and file, all its interests. Make it a means of signal good, and especially so foster Thou through it, in its members, in their children, and in others, the spirit of self-

sacrificing patriotism, that a loftier loyalty may come to prevail in the discharge of all civic tasks among us, and that, should evil days ever again lower upon our beloved country, she may not cry in vain for defenders. Lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon the President of the United States and his helpers in administration, and upon the several members of Congress and of the Federal judiciary. May all who in any wise bear authority over us as a Nation have heavenly wisdom and heroic purpose in the fulfillment of their duties, that so we may be righteously governed, and the civil polity and laws under which we live may aid toward making this nation one whose God shall be the Lord. Also be Thy benediction upon the state to which we more immediately belong. Graciously regard its chief magistrate, and all those who with and under him, carry on its government, that we and our fellow-citizens may lead quiet and peaceable lives, in all godliness and honesty. Forgive our sins. Help us to fight manfully the good fight of faith. Make us dauntless against all evil in ourselves and in the world, and crown us with eternal victory at last, in the Name of the Prince of Peace. Amen.

"Pilgrim's Song of Hope," . . . American Band.

ORATION.

COMRADE ALONZO WILLIAMS.

COMRADES:

We assemble to do homage to virtue. It is in obedience to a beautiful sentiment of human nature that the world has ever honored its worthy and illustrious dead. In eulogy and in song, in monuments of granite and in statues of bronze, has it celebrated their virtues and recorded their deeds. And so is it well; for next to the sense of religious duty, no stronger obligation rests upon the soul than gratitude to those who have offered themselves a sacrifice for humanity; and second only to an exalted communion with one's Maker is the aspiration of the soul for alliance with departed worth. Thus we strive by art and symbol to link ourselves in closer union with noble natures gone.

To-day, following these high behests, we have gathered on the banks of the beautiful river, and there, with loving hands and tender hearts, raised a fitting memorial above the sacred tumulus of him whose name we bear. Though a quarter of a century has passed and our keener griefs have mellowed into tender memories under the gentle assuaging of

five and twenty summers, yet, as we participated in the impressive ceremonies of commemoration, our hearts were touched again to long unwonted emotions, as the portals of memory flew open wide and we gazed with reverent and loving admiration once again upon that form and face. Withdraw we could not from such a dedication in silence, and leave the speechless granite alone to tell of his valor and worth. Examples of such self-sacrifice are far too rare, and fain would we detain the hour that we may inspire and exalt our fellow-men by the ineffable grandeur of such a death — in such a cause.

You have honored me by your command to speak in your behalf at such a time, and I rise to perform the sacred duty, too painfully conscious what unequal powers I bring to the task imposed. Among the ancient Greeks the custom was that the fathers of the most valiant of the slain should speak the eulogies of the dead. So I come, not as an orator, simply as a comrade, a brother. I stand in the place of the fathers of the valiant dead, and speak to you, my brothers, and feel assured that this sacred kinship, made close and firm by years of common dangers and common sufferings, will inspire my weak words with a power they otherwise could not possess.

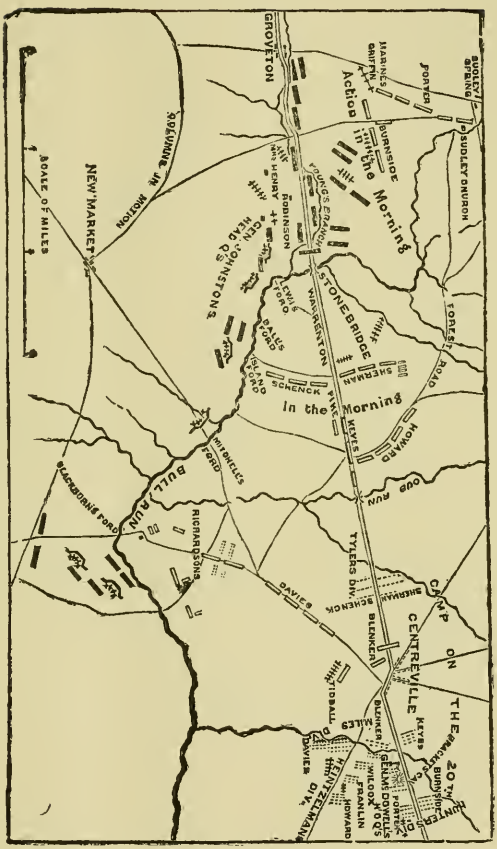
Col. John S. Slocum was a marked man in a marked era. The more I read the record of his life, the more I study the deeper character of the man, as he left it written upon the hearts of those who knew him best, the more do I marvel at the potency and promise that resided in him. The time, it would seem, is fully come, when the outward acts and inner virtues of his life should be gathered up and sealed in more worthy and enduring form. The history of his native state without it is incomplete, and one niche in the pantheon of her illustrious dead is vacant while unadorned by his gracious presence. The historian will see that this duty is not left undone. Mine to-night is a far humbler task. In this regard, I propose to glance only at that one supreme moment of his life, at that consummate act which rendered him immortal.

Bull Run.

Between nine and ten in the morning, on Sunday, July the twenty-first, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one, was seen a long, straggling column slowly crossing the ford near Sudley Church in Virginia. Their march since two in the morning had been long and arduous. Weary from loss of sleep,

faint from want of breakfast, burdened with musket and ammunition, though the blood in their veins still pulses firm and warm, yet their uninured limbs well-nigh refuse to bear further the proud hearts that swell their breasts. They linger in the refreshing stream to quench their parching thirst and bathe their heated brows. Around them is spread a scene reminding many a one of his rural New England home. Parents and children from the neighboring hamlets are dressed in Sunday garb, and before the young soldier rises the vision of his own mother, or wife and children wending their way to the far-off church on the hillside of New England, there to pray for the loved one and for his cause; and as he gazed upon the glad vision, something was seen to steal its winding way through the heated dust upon his cheek. What a strange contrast the scene presents! Never before has any there set out at such an hour, on such a mission. Alas! that little church on the hither bank is not destined to be filled with the voice of worship this Sabbath morn, but with the moans of the wounded and the dying rather! Alas! the spirit of so many for whom those prayers went up at New England altars, will outstrip those prayers to the throne above!

But who is this line of men? Need I tell you



MAP OF BULL RUN BATTLE-FIELD.

that those you see before you compose the second of the five divisions into which that little army of thirty-five thousand men has been divided, and that this division has been chosen to commence the attack upon the enemy, encamped on Manassas Plain? Need I tell you that the brigade which leads this division is commanded by our own beloved Burnside, and contains the flower of Rhode Island, with its young and gallant governor at their head? Need I tell you that the regiment which holds the van of this brigade, not only by the urgent request, but even by the demand as a right, from its intrepid colonel, is the regiment of which the state is so proud to-day — our gallant Second?

Glance at them as they pause a moment by the refreshing stream. You remember them well, citizens of Providence, as on that beautiful nineteenth day of June they gathered upon yonder square to receive the parting counsel and benediction of our ever-esteemed and now venerable bishop. Never can I forget the emotions which filled my breast that day. To my youthful imagination it seemed as if the gates of Olympus had opened and sent down the godlike forms of the ancient world for the conquest of the nation. That was in youth, when my own highest ambition was to

join their ranks. To-night, after the experience of those four eventful years and the lapse of so long an interval, I can only corroborate that youthful impression; for here may I say, without awakening jealousy in any soldier's breast, that no State in all this Union sent into that great war a body of men superior to the one upon which we gaze at Sudley Ford. They come from the shops, the factories, the farms, the schools, scattered all over our little State, but they are of sturdy New England ancestry; and in the line of that regiment before you stand eight men, *eight*[1] men! who shall wear the silver eagle that now sits upon the shoulder of their colonel; four[2] shall gain the next higher rank by brevet, and two[3] the full grade, one[4] of whom is destined to fall bravely fighting at Antietam with the star upon his shoulder, and the other[5] to win and wear with honor the double star. Yea, in the very ranks before you, stands this day, with musket on his shoulder, one,[6] who in the last great days of that great struggle shall occupy the place adorned by

1. Wheaton, Rodman, Steere, Viall, Ames, Rhodes, Goff, and Read.
2. Steere, Viall, Ames, Goff.
3. Wheaton and Rodman.
4. Rodman.
5. Wheaton.
6. Rhodes.

his colonel, one whom a gracious fate still spares to hold in our militia, and in our esteem, the same high place his commander did a quarter of a century ago. These data are but a small exponent of the character of these men.

What more can we say of their colonel, when we add he is worthy to command such men? Behold him as he sits there upon his dark-bay steed! The ideal soldier from crest to stirrup, from stirrup to crest; born to command; trained from youth up by inclination and by service to the life of a soldier; bearing upon his shield the magic names, Contreras, Churubusco, Chapultepec; historic fields, where rapid promotion proved the valor of his youth and the upward gravitation of his character. He is just midway in life. The consuming ardor which burns in his breast is tempered by the repose and strength which come with maturer manhood. His clear, grayish-blue eye reflects the purity of the soul which it mirrors. Upon his brown, handsome face rests a smile of confidence, beneath which may be discerned a resolution which reads: "*To-day, victory and a star, or a soldier's grave.*"

These are the men, this is the leader, who so promptly formed in battle line and faced the enemy

upon the crest of the hill beyond the ford, and opened the sanguinary engagement on Manassas Plain! This is the regiment, this is the colonel, who stood a full half hour alone, *alone* against Georgia, Alabama, and South Carolina, till ammunition and physical strength were exhausted, yet stubbornly refusing to yield to the ever-increasing foe the crest so gallantly won! This is the regiment, which, when relieved by the rest of the brigade, reformed, though its officers and men were falling fast, and took a new position by the famous fence of the corn-field on the left, to which the color-sergeant so heroically advanced, and upon which he planted the colors they had sworn to defend! This is the regiment which the Eighth Georgia never forgot, and never forgave, for the utter destruction of its organization that day! This is the regiment—I make no attempt here to adorn my speech, for the baldest outline is eloquence itself—this is the regiment which, later in the day, was drawn up to hold in check the new army that appeared upon the scene! This is the regiment which, still preserving its regimental formation, was the *last* to withdraw from the field upon which it had been the *first* to enter! And this is the field where, when the contest was raging fiercest, their intrepid leader, mounted on that fence

in advance of his line, fell, pierced with balls, to the ground!

> "Right in the van,
> With heart that beat a charge, he fell
> Foeward, as fits a man."

The place of his death was not inappropriate to his desire, nor the manner unbefitting his life. At the head of his regiment, in the storm of battle, his eye fixed upon the flag he loved, brave, loyal, and true, he fell, our proto-martyr to the Union cause. His monument is his own noble life; his epitaph, the place where he fell; his eulogy, his heroic death. The silver star he earned that day shall ever adorn his radiant brow.

His Character.

Here let us pause to analyze the character of this hero, if, perchance, we may discern wherein his virtue lay. The analysis is simple. First and foremost, he was a soldier. This one characteristic was in him so regnant, it is not easy to recall any other worthy of mention beside it. His early service to his country was that of a soldier, and from that service he brought back honor to his native state. His subsequent service as Examiner at West Point shows the estimate the Government placed upon his character as a soldier. His

service to his state within its limits before the war was that of a soldier and of great value. To-night we are honored by the presence of an organization which he commanded, and whose efficiency does credit to the State and honor to the name it bears, "The Slocum Light Guard."

His ideal of what a soldier should be was high. When recalled from his position of major in the First Regiment to the command of the Second, he came resolved to make it second only in name to any in the service. Often did he speak with pride of his men, and with high hopes of what they would do; nor did they disappoint him when the hour of trial came. In addition to the sterling qualities of his men, I cannot but think that the steadiness they displayed that day was due, in a large measure, to the character of their commander. He had over them a peculiar power. In the natural world there is a force too subtle for analysis or explanation. Bodies in which it resides have the marvelous property of transmuting by mere contact other bodies into their own likeness. Its analogue is found in the moral world. There are men who possess this mysterious, transmuting power. Colonel Slocum was such a man. His very character aroused aspiration; his zeal enkindled ardor; his

discipline developed power. It was the transfer of his own soldierly instincts and qualities to his officers and men that transformed them into soldiers of his own likeness. Though he held the command but six short weeks, yet he stamped his character indelibly upon that regiment; and his successors, more than one of whom honor his memory by their presence here to-night, never ceased to feel the force of the impulse he imparted to it, and they strove ever to realize his high hopes and thus to redeem the pledge he had given of its future career.

But Colonel SLOCUM was more than a superior soldier, he was a *patriot* soldier. He was ambitious to a fault, but underneath his ambitiom, chastening and sanctifying it, was the purest disinterested patriotism. In my hand I hold a letter written while he was major in the First Regiment. His father-in-law, the late Senator, Gen. Charles T. James, is urging him to return and to engage with him in manufacturing the cannon for which his name is celebrated.

Read: To his wife —

"In regard to what your father said about my coming, I feel about as he does about it, and know that now is the time to make money, but I never could have staid at home, and seen my State send troops to sustain this Government, and I not be found among them. I could not have been able to show my face in the street —

no! *that* could never be. I am now where I belong, and I shall not remove from it so long as my country needs my arm in her defense. I want to see you, I want to see my darling child, my mothers — all, all my friends — but I never can turn my back to the enemies of my beloved country, and expect to meet the approving plaudits of my countrymen at home — *that* I cannot, *dare* not do. Duty called me here, keeps me here, and as I trust I shall be found foremost among my enemies, I shall also be foremost in my efforts to restore harmony to our distracted country.

Such words fall upon the cold, burnt-out hearts of this generation as a voice from some distant age of romance, rather than from the lips of one whom we did see and know, and whose spirit of self-devotion we ourselves once, in part at least, did feel. Let the celestial ardor which burns through those glowing lines be dampened by no cold words of mine.

With this preëminently distinguishing characteristic of the soldier was united in him another, to which the first may seem strangely contrasted, though in essence the two are closely akin. This was his passionate love for his children. While here organizing his regiment, it was his habit to hasten, when the day was over, from the sterner duties of the camp to the purer delights of the domestic circle, where he passed the evening with his children; and after he had lulled them to sleep with hymns, which he so delighted to sing and sang so sweetly, he returned to

his tent for the night. His little three-year-old daughter, Kittie, he especially worshiped, and in every letter from the front he expresses for her the deepest solicitude.

Read:

"CAMP CLARKE,
July 16, 1861, 10 o'clock, A. M.

My Dear Wife:

We march at 1 o'clock for the enemy on the other side of the Potomac. We move six miles this P. M. and nine more in the morning, and expect to fight them during the day to-morrow; my regiment will commence the attack. If they stand we shall have some hard fighting. Some will fall; I may be one of them. If so, I leave my children to you alone. Bring up Kittie to know early the value of the religion of Christ; it alone can make her true and virtuous. Kiss both her and the boy for me.* If he lives send him to West Point. My men are all in good spirits, and you shall hear good accounts from us. I kiss you good-by. May God watch over, keep, and bless you and ours. Good-by.

Affectionately your husband,

JNO. S. SLOCUM."

Thus was the sword of the Christian patriot soldier jeweled in the hilt with the priceless gem of domestic virtue. May we not be permitted to add that that "*darling child*," who went so often to spend the day at her father's tent, watched but two short years for him to come with the eve and sing her to sleep, and then, taking her little brother by the hand, went to

* The boy at this time was but a few weeks old.

join him where he sat waiting for them in the door of his tent, now pitched on the other side of the star-lit line.

Such was the hero; such is the virtue we commemorate to-night. Who may say what would have been the fruit of the full life of one who had so early done so much? His auspicious past gave hope and promise of a still nobler future. He left his state bearing the hopes of her people. He returned "accompanied by the pageantry of her woe, with muffled drums and arms reversed, and banners draped in black."

The Second Rhode Island.

Comrades of the Second Rhode Island! can you realize the full significance of this hour? Five and twenty years have come and gone since you saw him fall, since you, sir,* raised him tenderly in your arms and ministered to his sufferings, and yet after this lapse of time you are here to do him honor. You come with those silken banners all rent and torn, yet on their tattered folds can we spell out historic names, such as Bull Run, Malvern Hill and Fredericksburg, Salem Heights and Gettysburg, the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and

* General Rhodes.

Petersburg, names that come freighted with the memories of an eventful past. Wonderful, wonderful, are the blessings of Heaven vouchsafed to you — uniting within the limits of your own experience the momentous struggle of which you were an important part, and the full blessings which you now enjoy. When in youth you turned your back upon home and all your cherished hopes to offer yourselves a sacrifice for the land you loved, ne'er, ne'er, did your fondest hope reach onward to this auspicious hour. Bow down and thank a gracious God! You lived to sheathe your swords! You lived to see the Union saved! You still live to reap the fruits of sacrifice!

Veterans of a quarter of a century! You are the remnant only of that noble band. War and Time have thinned those once serried ranks. In your broken lines we search in vain for Ballou and Tower, Smith and Rodman, Gleason and Sherman, Shaw and McIntyre, Bates, Bolles, Carr, Church, Collins, Hammett, Pearce, Perry, Young! How their images come thronging to your embraces! O, that we could call them back to look upon their finished work, the country redeemed. O, that they all, with their gallant leader, might "absent themselves from bliss awhile," and rise up in our midst to-night, and gra-

ciously accept from us these humble offices of commemoration!

Self-Sacrifice.

Comrades! At this consecrated hour, when the heart is open to diviner influences, may we not ask ourselves what are the lessons taught by such a dedication as we have this day performed? The value and significance of this service lie deeper than the seeming, and extend beyond the hour. It is not the man alone that we honor to-night, but the principle which he embodied. We worship the *vir* no less, but the *virtus* incarnate in him more. Our highest eulogy is not for the mortal, for the immortal rather.

The virtue we adore in him is self-sacrifice. That is the supremest lesson of the hour, as it is the supremest lesson of life. Not in self-seeking, not in vainglory, not in self-aggrandizement, but in self-sacrifice, even in that heroic loyalty and sublime self-devotion which led him to die that we might live, does man rise to the supreme act of heroic living; and the heart of the world beats ever in grateful admiration for valor proved on the field of danger in defense of a righteous cause. In emulation the people strive to do it honor. For such the State reserves her selectest laurels.

Over her martyr dead she rears her choicest memorials. And so she does well; for in honoring them she does herself a greater honor. Such service is due, not to the fallen alone, but to the nation, to humanity, and the Republic is stronger, as well as juster, when she shows herself not ungrateful for their service and by such memorials presents their names to the emulation of the future.

Patriotism.

Closely akin to the virtue of self-sacrifice is that of patriotism. No higher obligation rests upon an American citizen than that of cultivating a love and loyalty to country. How better can this be done than by perpetuating the memory of those who have fallen in its defense? To the Republic the record of their valor, their deeds, their death is an undying possession, a veritable κτῆμα ἀεί, a part of her moral wealth, of which she must not be despoiled.

So let the glorious remnant of the Grand Army of the Republic go on in its noble mission, loyal to the future as it has been to the past. Let them hold up the record of the heroic dead to the emulation of their children. Let them point it out with pride to the stranger. Let monuments and triumphal arches and

memorial halls go up and deck the land, on which coming generations may read the record their fathers carved with their swords.

Where, comrades, could we have found a fitter type of our fallen brothers than in him above whose tomb we have raised a memorial this day? His personal character, his unswerving loyalty to country, the brilliancy of his early service, the promise of his future years, the sublimity of his daring, the splendor of his fall, all conspire to make him Rhode Island's typical martyr to the Union cause, the hero *sans peur et sans reproche*, than whom none braver ever faced a foe since Roland wound his horn at Roncesvalles; and to our children in coming years no theme will more inspire the breast, will more entrance the soul, than the unselfish patriotism and the sublime heroism of him who so early fell a martyr to freedom. They may never hear of the imperial wrath of Achilles, or the brave and noble manhood of Hector, of the Horatii, or Virginius; may never read of Arthur and his valiant knights, but they must not lose the story of this hero, this life, this death. They should be taught it by heart, taught it in the home, taught it in the school, taught it by monuments of art; they should be made to think on this hero and on such as he, even as we

did on those of the Revolution, till they are inspired by his spirit, animated by his heroism, shaped and moulded by his example, then should our country ever require the strength of their arm and the spilling of their blood, they too will not be found wanting.

Immortality of the Dead.

We may mention one other service rendered by the dedication of such a memorial. It establishes a medium of communion with the illustrious dead. It opens for us a window into a higher life, and keeps our faces turned to a nobler existence. It is incumbent upon humanity to avail itself of every medium by which the commerce between the world and its illustrious citizens of all time may be maintained. By these memorials which we raise, the departed remain a moral power in the world, exerting through the granite, the marble, the bronze, an ever-living, ever-widening influence.

Often the truest, the supremest good conferred by man is not reached while he remains among us an original force; only after he has ceased to influence the world as a cause, does he begin to influence it more as an effect; then only does he rise to the dignity of his true relation as the exponent of a vaster mind and will, and become a part of the supreme power that rules

the world. This is a far-reaching law of the moral world, and its conservation is the hope of humanity, It is thus, by the abiding influence of the great and good, that their loss to the world is compensated. It is thus that humanity suffers not an ever-recurring relapse into barbarism. It is thus that the continuity of the world's moral development is maintained and its redemption assured.

The German has a faith that his Emperor, Friedrich, the Red Beard, did not die on the crusade, but is sitting yet in a deep cavern of his native mountains, arrayed in his purple mantle, with his huge battle axe and sword and crown before him upon a table of stone, and whenever his country is hard pressed he comes forth to lead again his countrymen against the foe. So we have a faith that *he* is not dead, our commander, to-night. His mortal form the dumb turf wraps, but his soul triumphant rises to cheer us still, a part of our life's imperishable good; and though centuries pass, he will rise again and again to lead his countrymen, and to inspire them in every hour of doubt and trial with a valor kindred to his own.

These are the lessons we read to-night: Self-sacrifice, Patriotism, the Immortality of the Dead! A glorious trinity of truths, which ennoble the man,

which strengthen the nation, which advance the moral development of the race. These are the truths which we weave into an immortal wreath, intertwined with the virtues of personal character, and lay upon his tomb, where coming generations may behold its perennial beauty and breathe its undying fragrance.

Commander and comrades of Slocum Post! The duty you assigned to me is finished. We now withdraw from this new-made sepulchre, and turn our faces once again back into the world. The man we loved, the hero we honor, leave we lying there; but glorious, immortal; and his spirit yet lives in the world, an authentic life. May it not be the least of the tributes we render to him, that we forget not the lesson he would teach us: To live in the manner of true men; not for self, but for the world; not for the day, but for eternity.

Farewell, thou fallen comrade! Hail, immortal spirit! With each returning spring we come again and bring fresh flowers to strew above thee, and garlands of victory for thy brow, and at thy head we will plant again that flower thou lov'dst so well, that perfect flower of freedom — the *red*, *white* and *blue*. This monument shall be an enduring witness of thy service and of our undying love. The glad morning shall hasten to scatter its fresh-cut flowers about it. The

imperial sun at high meridian shall daily pause to lay its golden lilies upon it. The parting day shall linger beside it in pensive adoration. Man and nature shall conspire to do thee honor.

But the monument that shall endure forever was reared by thee thyself. The solid granite we place this day above thee may moulder and crumble; the bank upon which it stands may be leveled with the stream, but so long as the State shall endure, thus long in the hearts of the people shall be enshrined the virtues, the deeds, the death, and in letters of love shall stand inscribed the name of

JOHN STANTON SLOCUM.

MUSIC.

"DAY IN CAMP,"— . . . . . American Band.

MEMORIAL ODE.

BY COMRADE FREDERIC DENISON.

MARTYR MEMORIES.

I.

Land of our love! in thy vexed day,
When passion pulsed to bloody tide —
When theft-shod treason, in array,
Thy just authority denied —

Oppression lifting angry blow
To lay thy holy altar low —
  Thy loyal sons awoke, to prove
  Thy greatness and their own deep love;
Responsive to thy trumpet call,
For thee, they rose, a battle wall.
  Before high heaven their troth they gave
  And turned to breast rebellion's wave.
Day fraught with weightiest destiny —
Fate of a hemisphere to be
Or dark or light, or chained or free.
  Scene grander never nation saw —
The rising of a mighty land
Full armed, at Liberty's command.
  Monarchs and kings stood dumb with awe,
  To see free men enthrone pure law,
And stand a bulwark for the true,
To brave the battle-billows through —
  How deep the crimson of those waves,
  Witness three hundred thousand graves.

II.

Among these martyrs, one we own,
Whose name high on our roster shone;
  Who, in the struggles of our land,
  Devoted ardent heart and hand;
Who held man's rights as his ideal,

And stood to God and Freedom feal;
  Who boasted it his highest pride
  To guard our country's flag defied;
Who deemed our Stars not ours alone,
But borrowed from "the great white throne":
  Blest Stars, elect to hold the van
  In every upward march of man;
Heaven's signets preordained to be,
Of Freedom's reign, the heraldry.
  Such valiant man, we all can sing,
  As here in heart we tribute bring.
To-day his name we write anew
Upon the Stars that light our Blue,
  And see upon our banner's Red
  His blood for us so freely shed.

III.

What is the measure of a man?
What is a life of noblest span?
  Whoever lives to self alone
May hive in his luxurious halls,
    To flesh and sense a slave;
  His little hour of *idlesse* done,
His name, as autumn-sear leaf, falls
    To sink in Lethe's wave.
But he, heaven-pledged, who deathward rode,
  Unheeding loss and pain,

Whose freely offered life-blood flowed
For our redeeming gain,
Unconscious won a lustrous name
That History shall grateful claim.
Or long, or short, that life is blest
That beats for man's uplifting best.

IV.

Bow we before the martyr's tomb
As pilgrims bending to a shrine;
His life to-day is all abloom
With beauty that shall ever shine.
Yes, out of self, for other lives,
Is the great thought that God bestows;
That deed alone unfading thrives
That, as a beam celestial, glows
With radiance to illume earth's night
And further the domain of Right.
Do we deplore his sacrifice?
But, he, who for his fellows dies,
Though falling in his manly prime,
By heaven's decree, at last, shall rise
On storied pedestal sublime —
As seen e'en now before our eyes —
Not as a sculptured shape of stone
That Dissolution's chisel finds,
But dowered with heart and angel tone,

Inspiring other generous minds,
Waking the inner, deathless ear,
Filling with regal faith the soul,
Upcalling to the higher sphere
Where sceptered truths alone control;
Upleading to the purer fields
Where mortal to immortal yields:
As, by the Cross, a life was won
Bright and enduring as the sun.
Thank Heaven that this is so —
That man above himself may rise,
By conscious kinship with the skies,
His bosom all aglow,
To choose and battle for the True,
Its triumph ever in his view:
Truth conceiving, firm believing,
Dauntless daring, full achieving.

V.

E'en so, on the embattled field,
Rhode Island's cherished, gallant son
Fell on his brightly blazoned shield,
To outward sight, his life-work done.
Ah, but that life of consecration
Yet thrills the bosom of our nation:
His was a kind of sacrifice
That in Time's memory never dies.

A bloom there is forever vernal —
So virtue has a grace supernal.
His blood, as altar-incense burned,
Diffuses precious fragrance round,
And rises pleading up to heaven —
Such blood, whereby our land is turned
To sweet and consecrated ground,
A heritage to Freedom given.

VI.

Do we lament that he should fall
In life's meridian of duty?
The fairer stands he to us all
On the ideal height of beauty —
Not a decrepit, age-cold form
Of vital force expended;
But with all noble graces warm,
Full and harmonious blended,
Forever shining in our view
A typic champion of the True.
Rhode Island writes his name in sheen
Beside her Perry and her Greene;
And we have graven on his tomb
The lines to dissipate all gloom —
"His life's expense
Hath won for him coeval youth
With the immaculate prime of Truth."

VII.

So springs this service of to-day —
In time and place so far away
From the blood-written tragedy —
This march of veteran, scar-badged braves
To his, among our choicest graves,
To pay him patriot-eulogy
In beauteous, emblematic stone,
Devote in solemn ritual form,
Breathed from our comrade-bosoms warm,
Recalling honors that he won;
And, ere we from his grave retired,
Our soldier parting volley fired.
And here, in kindred feeling one,
Has this love-drawn assembly come
With steps led by the muffled drum,
To join in tender requiem strains,
And hear our gifted comrade tell
How loyally the patriot fell,
A martyr, on Manassas Plains.

VIII.

No, no; say not that he is dead;
We see him even now
At the attacking column's head,
With open, glowing, fearless brow,

On-marshalling his loved command,
Obedient to our periled land;
Imparting to his ranks a life
That nerved them for their years of strife.
And still his hero spirit leads
In Freedom's yet unfinished fray,
Right up the steep and rugged way,
And by his bright example pleads
The onward, conquering cause of Right
To her predestined, radiant height.
His duty prompted by the Cross,
For which e'en life he counted loss,
His breast received the fiery dart
Intended for the nation's heart.
Round him, and such as he,
Who fronted death to make men free,
Shall rally every faithful soul
When Duty beats her quick "long roll";
Invisible, but present, they
Shall lead us in each testing day
Till Freedom's standard is unfurled
Triumphant o'er this Western World.

IX.

Rest, Warrior Comrade, peaceful rest;
In memory's chamber 'mid the loved,
In History's hall among the great,
Henceforth thou standest full approved,

Of Honor's shining ones, a mate,
In Freedom's temple ever blest.
We, soon to bivouac in the dust,
Now yield thee to our country's trust;
Assured that to thy art-hewn tomb
So fit by speaking symbols crowned,
With reverent thought and tread
Shall other generations come,
Esteeming it as sacred ground,
And wreaths of laurel grateful spread.

X.

By prophets and by sages told,
A wealth there is above all gold —
Ordained to win the world's acclaim —
The treasure of a worthy name.
Proud of the patriot rank he won —
Hereafter thy immortal son —
O, Mother Land, guard well the grave
Of Slocum, thy true martyr-brave.

MUSIC.

"America," . . . . American Band and Audience.

BENEDICTION.

By Rev. E. G. Robinson, dd., ll. d.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God our Heavenly Father, and the guidance of the

Holy Spirit be to us, and to all the inhabitants of our loved land, evermore. Amen.

COMRADES.— Amen.

CONCLUDING ACTION BY THE POST.

After the dedicatory services, at a Post meeting December 1st, it was

Resolved, That the thanks of the Post are due and are hereby tendered to the Department Commander, Theodore A. Barton, and his associate officers of the Department, for their presence and valuable services at the dedication of the Slocum Monument and at the memorial services in the evening; also to Comrade Alonzo Williams for his very able and eloquent commemorative oration; also to Department Chaplain F. Denison for his admirable memorial ode; also to Comrade E. B. Andrews, and the Rev. E. G. Robinson, D. D. LL. D., for evening services; also to all others who in any manner have contributed to the success of the dedicatory occasion.

It was furthermore

Resolved, That the Monument Committee be authorized to prepare a memorial of Col. JOHN

S. SLOCUM, containing particularly the doings of the Post in securing and dedicating the monument we have erected to Colonel SLOCUM; and also authorized to publish as many copies of said memorial at the expense of the Post, as said committee may deem expedient.

By order of the Monument Committee, Comrade F. Denison was chosen to make arrangements with parties concerned for securing perpetual care of the grave and monument of Colonel SLOCUM in Swan Point Cemetery. His efforts happily terminated in the following action taken by the Post.

Resolved, That we accept, from Cordelia Bowen, Abby J. Slocum, Phebe J. Fiske, Charlotte T. Halberstadt, and others, the title deed of the lot in Swan Point Cemetery, containing the grave and monument of Col. JOHN S. SLOCUM, with the conditions named in said deed, of the right of burial of certain specified persons and the duty of securing perpetual care of the said lot in said cemetery.

Resolved, That the Quartermaster of the Post be and hereby is empowered and instructed to convey to the Corporation — the Proprietors of Swan Point Cemetery — in trust, the lot, in said Swan Point Cemetery, containing the grave and monument of Col. JOHN S. SLO-

CUM, given by deed to this Post by Cordelia Bowen, Abby J. Slocum, Phebe J. Fiske, Charlotte T. Halberstadt, and others, upon the conditions named in said deed.

Such was the inception, progress, and completion of the work in securing and dedicating the monument to our patriot-brother, and in assuring the proper and perpetual care of his grave. And this memorial volume reciting, though briefly, the story of the martyr's life and deeds, it is trusted may find its niche in the annals of our state and our nation, to awaken in the bosoms of Freedom's sons for generations to come a sacred sense of gratitude to our country's defenders and to enkindle in all the spirit and manifestation of loyalty and devotion to our blood-bought Republic. The records of great sacrifices for the weal of mankind, being more precious than treasures of gold, because serving as inspirations, should not be suffered to perish or grow dim.

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